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05x06 - Bored Out of Ya f*cking Mind

by **bunniefuu**

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[At Babylon, hot boys are dancing.]

Emmett: [to Ted] You f*cked him?

Ted: Wednesday.

Emmett: And the Latino?

Ted: Thursday.

Emmett: Well Teddy, you are out of control.

Brian: Good evening, twats.

Emmett: Would you kindly reframe to use such derogatory comments towards women since they make up half of my fanbase.

Brian: Have any hermaphrodite?

Emmett: I don't think so.

Brian: Good, go f*ck yourself. Is anyone do-able here tonight?

Ted: Sorry, Bri, I've already done him.

Emmett: We're up to friday.

Ted: Oh, there is friday. Over there in the bossy bottom there.

Justin: He's a bottom!?

Ted: You should hear him sing “Natural Woman”.

Brian: You got gag them first, then f*ck them. You still have much to learn, Theodore.

Emmett: Oh my god, who's that?

[Emmett spots a new, hot guy on the dance floor. Brian checks him out and kinda smiles.]

Ted: I dunno, I may have sunday free.

Brian: Count on staying home and winning your puke.

[The guy heads off to the backroom, Brian follows, Justin watches on and doesn’t look too happy.]

Ted: Oh, let him have this one.

[Brian follows the guy into the backroom. Brian goes between the other guy and his would-be trick.They have a little stare-off, measuring each other up like two g*n-fighters in a cheesy Western. Brian reaches for his crotch and he pushes his hand away and walks off. Brian is not happy.]

[Justin is visiting the Novotny-Bruckers. He and Michael are showing Ben the storyboards for the next issue of “Rage”.]

Ben: Wow, Rage and J.T. are finaly tied the knot.

Michael: It's about time, wouldn't you say?

Ben: They went to Toronto?

Michael: No, Massachutiper. It's a planet.

Justin: Unlike Pensylvenia it's legal for gays to get married.

Ben: Ah and where they can buy their rocket-tickets and zoom off?

Michael: I wish. Let's hopes that five thousand--oh, hell, make it ten thousand--readers agree with you.

Ben: Are you coming to our house-warming?

Justin: I wouldn't miss it.

Michael: It's gonna bed a*s blow out.

Ben: What you say we're start early?

[Hunter enters.]

Ben: There he is.

Michael: Our late son.

Hunter: Cool cover.

Ben: Where you've been?

Michael: Didn't we say home by six?

Hunter: I was practicing with my debating partner.

Justin: Whenever I used to use say my parents that I usually was really out getting high.

Ben: When's the big debate?

Hunter: Tomorrow afternoon. It's in front of the whole school.

Justin: What's the topic?

Hunter: Capital punishment. I’m all for it, I say fry the m*therf*ckers.

Michael: [to Justin] Now you see we're so proud.

[Emmett doing his “q*eer Guy” segment on Chanel 4 News.]

Emmett: What I'm about to show you may frightens small children, so parents may want send them out of the room. Scary, huh? [he show the audience a bald man] It's what I'm called the comb-over, like Wallies here. [he takes the picture out and show the more bald Wally] Let's see how much balder Wally looks when he embraces his baldness. Allright this was my hair do's and don't's. Next week home wax - and I'm not talking about the kitchen floor. OK, everybody, be fabulous!

Anchor man: Thanks q*eer Guy. That's it for tonight, hopefully we'll be hair for tomorrow.

Anchor woman: May be all news be good news.

Guy: We're out.

Producer: That was fabulous! See how you can do it? Since you're at the air the ratings are up 2 points, everyone wants the g*y perspective. Chanel 1 is even hiring a trainee to learn from this person.

Emmett: Wow, let's hope he is cheap and decite it's a rainy affair.

Producer: Either way the fans will line up run the block to see you tomorrow at the mall at Hoffman's.

Emmett: So many need, so little time.

Producer: You don't even read your fan mail.

Emmett: Fan mail? For me?

Producer: Even people who hate f*gs love you.

[Debbie is sick and laying on the couch, Hovarth waiting on her.]

Carl: Here go, honey.

Debbie: Thank you Carl, but I don't know if I could keep it down.

Carl: Are you still hurt?

Debbie: Huh.

Carl: Oh baby, you take what the doctor has prescribed?

Debbie: That crack!? They split it back and serves them as a orange sausses. I mean all this new deseases even those doctors can keep up with it. What if it's birthflue. A chicken sit on my shoulder the other day.

Carl: What for?

Debbie: I'll get a second opinion. Actually it's the forth.

Carl: That's it.

Debbie: Who you calling?

Carl: The station. I'm gonna take you.

Debbie: Carl, please no. It just make it worse. I'm keeping you from work.

Carl: OK, but promise you call me as soon as you hear what the doctor says.

Debbie: I'll promise.

[At the gym, Emmett is passing out flyers and prompting his up-coming q*eer Guy appearance.]

Emmett: I'll be in Hoffman's Department Store today from 1 to 3 signing autographs, giving tips on how to be fabulous. Be sure to stop by.

[He goes to Ted, who is working out.]

Emmett: Oh Teddy, I feel as if I finally find my calling. God has pointing me from above to do his work below.

Ted: Saint Emmett. Saint of fashion approved, style decry...

Emmett: Laugh, but there is something I almost... holy of saving thousands of walking disasters in this town. Although he is definately not the one.

[A hot guy past by and checks out Ted.]

Emmett: Leave that guy? He recognize me.

Ted: But I recognize him.

Emmett: Is he someone?

Ted: He is someone - alright. Pride 2002 - we had an amazing sex, at least I though so. Then the next day in Woody's. He told me once a time a year he finds a looser guy...

[Flashback.]

Troy: ...like you. I gave them a break. I give him... I give him me - a f*ck of his life. Something they can remember, like a souvenir. It's my way of giving back to the community.

[in the present.]

Emmett: Teddy, this was years ago. Could you now be proud that this guy is cruising for you?

Ted: It was the humiliating experience of my life. Everybody calls me... "Aunt Pity f*ck".

Emmett: Well as it painfull as it been you just have to let it go.

[Emmett goes away and Ted looks at Troy and thinking.]

Ted: Or get even.

[Ben arriving at Hunter’s school and talking to Michael on the cell phone.]

Ben: I'm not gonna make him nervous. I'll sit in the back, he'll not even know I'm there. I just want to see him in action, we'll stop by at the store after this is over. I'll take you both to dinner. Love.

[He hangs up.]

Ben: Callie? It's Ben.

Callie: Mr.Bruckner. I know Hunter's dad.

Ben: I came to watch him to Debate. Which way is the auditorium?

Callie: As you go in, it's on the right. But I don't think there is a debate. They're got a course practise.

Ben: You sure?

Callie: Is Hunter ok? He hasn't been in school all week.

Ben: Oh, he's fine. I... I guess it must be a missunderstood.

[Emmett in the mall doing his appearance. A hetero couple.]

Emmett: This pink stribes look fab on this jacket and see how this tie really make you pop.

Frau#1: Frankly I don't care what clothes or what he weares. I took your advice from the other night and shaves his head and embrace his baldness - now he's hot in the bedroom.

Ememtt: I can tell you how much my heart feels when he's horny. OK, be back in 5!

[Ted and Lindsay are waiting for him nearby with hugs and kisses and support. Brian is there, too.]

Lindsay: You are a superstar! Look at this proul.

Ted: Well it's like the stones took it the stadion.

Emmett: Brian(?) I can't tell you what it means that you come to support me.

Brian: I need it socks.

Lindsay: Don't pay any attention to him.

Ted: He is proud at you as we are, aren't you?

Brian: Yeah, it's an honor to count a close personal friends televisons latest g*y eunuch.

Emmett: Escuse me?

Brian: You know as in non-sexual, non-threatening, ball-less. You do honor a long and ellustriace line of laughable, laughable g*y clowns who've came before you. I mean, look at this people.

Emmett: They're my fans, they adore me.

Brian: Because you so cute. But do you think they still adore you when they knew you took it up the a*s and liked it?

Emmett: Like I said Brian, I can tell you what it means that you show up and support me.

Brian: Any time.

[Brian reaches out to pat him on the shoulder and his hand gets brushed away, making him flash to Brandon doing the same to him in the backroom. A woman rushes up to Emmett.]

Woman#2: I just love you, you're so cute!

Emmett: Thank you, thank you.

[Michael and Ben on their front porch.]

Michael: He's been lying to us?

Ben: I'm sure there is a reason. [Michael give a look] I didn't say a good reason.

Michael: Well, I'll thoughed he trusted us, that, you know, told us everything.

Ben: Did you tell everything when you was 17?

Michael: I didn't have to. We had microphones in about every room.

Ben: Here he comes. Now, let's try not let our emotions get them up.

Michael: It's easy for you to say - you came from a home who can do that.

Hunter: Sorry, I'm late. I was in debate club. So you knew what the topic is?

Michael: Secrets and Lies? We knew you haven't been in school all week.

[Hunter goes inside the house wordless.]

Ben: Better.

Hunter: Can't you let me the f*ck alone? I told you, I don't wanna talk about it.

Michael: You have to talk about it.

Ben: We wanna help you.

Hunter: You can't help me. Nobody can, it's too late.

Michael: It's never too late.

Ben: We know it's been a tough last weeks.

Hunter: Try years.

Ben: OK, but it's gotta be a solution.

Hunter: I can't go back to that school. Every day all staring me like a piece of sh*t and when they do it's how I feel.

Michael: You're not a piece of sh*t. You are a brave smart, funny, wonderful person. And we love you.

Ben: You don't have to lie to us, we're goin' through.

Hunter: You have no idea.

[Brian and Justin drinking at Woody's. Justin is looking at a catalog.]

Justin: How about a barbeque grill? Or maybe a fireplace? What do you think?

Brian: I think if you don't stop talking about their g*dd*mn house party I'm goin' to burn their house down. [to the bartender] Another round.

Justin: What's your problem?

Brian: I have no problem. I'm problemless, a problem free zone.

Justin: Then help me with something up.

[He closes his eyes and points at the catalog.]

Justin: Hmm, a hands-free toilet? "Sense you are there and automatically flashes."

Brian: Yeah, 300 bucks down the crapper.

Justin: Are you gonna tell me what's goin' wrong?

Brian: No.

Justin: Fine(!)

[Brandon walks past Brian like Brian doesn't exist.]

Brian: Anyway, you wouldn't understand.

Justin: Sure you admire my t-scores.

Brian: You're too young.

Justin. Compare to who?

Brian: Whom?

Justin: You?

Brian: That hot guy falling in the backroom the other night?

Justin: Quarterback?

Brian: When I went to his c*ck... I'm not...

Justin: Just say it.

Brian: ...my hand...

Justin: Your hand? What(!)? If there is your comfort, you're still the hottest guy in Pittsburgh. Help me out here. We can't show up without a gift.

Brian: I'm not goin' to that f*ck' party!

Justin: Why not?

Brian: Because I'm goin' to a f*cking party.

[Debbie coming down stairs and, for one horrible moment, it looks like Emmett has Carl bent over the kitchen table f*cking him.]

Carl: Ow! Stop it! It hurts!

Emmett: C'mon Carl, take it like a man.

Carl: Jesus, you're killin' me!

Debbie: What the hell is goin' on!

Emmett: Carl let's practising me how to wax his back for an upcoming segment.

Debbie: Christ, I though you practise in something else.

Carl: OK, that's it. I quit it.

Emmett: You still half-waxed.

Carl: Yeah, but if you go any further I'm half-a*s'd.

[Carl leaves.]

Emmett: How about you, Deb? You want me to give you a free trip?

Debbie: Thanks, but I keep my hair like they are.

Emmett: You have any temperature?

Debbie: No.

Emmett: What the new doctor say?

Debbie: He said I'm dying(!) I'm perfect health, wise-a*s! Maybe this bring down my fever.

Emmett: You just said you don't have any fever.

Debbie: That's what the termometer said. I'm know I burning up.

Emmett: Did you think I'm still physically attractive? You know, sexy.

Debbie: Well, keeping in mind that I'm a heterosexual woman of a certained age and your q*eer as they come, f*ck yeah.

Emmett: Good, 'cause Brian said the only reason they like the q*eer guy is because I'm no-threating, sexless.

Debbie: What the f*ck does he know?

Emmett: Actually, a lot.

Debbie: Actually he's wrong. Hell, you have more sex then anyone I know - except of you, of

course. Since Carl moved in. Let's face it honey - most people pretend that g*y man hasn't sex. I mean, it's hard to see two gays kissing and, you know, taking up the a*s. It's make them to be uncomfortable.

Emmett: Brian said that, too. You wanna know something? It's time to make over.

[Back at the gym. Ted see's Troy.]

Ted: Can you spot me?

Troy: Sure. Don't I know you?

Ted: I don't think so.

Troy: I'm Troy.

Ted: Ted.

Troy: Hey, I know where I'm know you from.

Ted: You do?

Troy: South Beach, right? We hooked up.

Ted: No, never been there.

Troy: Oh, would you like to?

Ted: Go to South Beach?

Troy: Hook up.

Ted: Sure.

[Brian meeting with a client about her company’s new anti-aging cream.]

Woman: In our new research we found that once a woman reach the age of thirty-five she's almost invisible for the most man.

Brian: And you wanna make them visible again? Or at least make them think they can be.

Woman: Our new anti-aging cream offers hope, more confidence and at less wrinkles. All we need is a brilliant campain and a perfect product name.

Brian: Um, sure I come up with something.

Woman: Your man are so damn lucky never have to worry about such things.

[Behind the woman Brian suddenly see's Brandon. He’s completely ignoring Brian.]

Brian: Don't be so sure. Visible.

Woman: What?

Brian: That's the name of your new product.

[Brandon walks past Brian, still ignoring him, and goes to the men's room.]

Woman: Visible? I like that.

Brian: Hey, you came up with it. You just didn't know it. Would you excuse me for a minute?

[Brian follows Brandon. Brandon is at the urinal and Brian moves to the one beside of him. Brian gives his patented "look" that usually makes men fall at his feet. Brandon just looks back unfazed and walks off.]

[Debbie is at the diner with Mel and J.R. She's playing with the baby.]

Debbie: [to J.R.] Aren't you glad your as*h*le parents work through their sh*t? 'Cause now grandma can hold you without a g*dd*mn trade good.

Mel: Well you know how to sweet talk to a baby, Deb.

Debbie: I'm glad it all worked out.

Mel: Well, we'll see.

Man: Hey Kiti, where the f*ck's my check?

Kiti: I allready grew t*ts, you want me to grew up another hand!?

Mel: Boy, this place isn't quite the same around here since you're left.

Debbie: Boy, so I've noticed.

Man#2: Escuse me, miss. My meal is cold.

Debbie: I dunno. I've been feeling lately I can bearly have the enercy to crawl.

Mel: Have you been to see...

Debbie: Five of them. All claim to have degree and no-one tell me what's wrong.

Man#3: Can we get a menu!?

Man#4: I ask for cream.

Man#5: Where is my f*ck' lunch?

Cook: You're food is up!

Kity: I'm a tr*nny and a virge of a breakdown!

[Debbie has enough. She stands up and handles the busy diner to perfection. She take the meal to the customer, give the man the menu.]

Debbie: Here you go, fishing chips and turkey burger with fries. Here your menus, special are on the board. 2 percent it's better for you and the cream.

[Finally she sits down to Mel.]

Mel: Deb, I think I know what's wrong with you.

Debbie: Yeah?

Mel: BFM.

Debbie: [worried] BFM? Sounds serious. What is it?

Mel: Bored out of your funking mind.
[In Em's next "q*eer Guy" segment.]

Emmett: Listen up, straight boys. Take a tip from the q*eer Guy. Wearing these [he shows a boxer shorts] will not get you where you wanna go. But these [he holds a string] will definately generate a little friction. I know because I was been wearing at my very own. They set off your nice tight assets and noticed the croth. You can help and stuff a sock or hamster in there. I certainly don't need to cover become to my rescue. My is coped to the rim with leads us to another topic but not tonight. I'm be q*eer Guy - be fabulous.

Anchor man: Thank you, q*eer Guy for that brief report. That's the news, we'll be back at eleven.

Man#1: We're out.

Producer: [to Emmett] I though you told me you wanna talk about hair wax.

Emmett: Yeah, waxing is vital, but it's not sexy.

Producer: Sexy? You want sexy?

Emmett: Don, you married for a couple of weeks and already make a statement like that? You meaning conceling.

Producer: And you may need an employment insurance.

Emmett: What?

Producer: Don't ever show us your shorts again.

Emmett: It's just underwear.

Producer: You don't have to air them in public! And no-one wants to know you're have a tight...

Emmett: a*s?

Producer: Or a big...

Emmett: d*ck!?

Producer: And that you...

Emmett: f*ck!? Well here is a piece of news for you - I do.

Producer: Well from now one you stick to cookie and flowers and turning straight guys into a meterosexuals and leave your sex-life OFF screen!

[Brian and Justin arriving at Michael and Ben's house-warming with a gift.]

Justin: You can stay for at least an hour.

Brian: I've told you, I can make a special guest appearance, then I'm out of here.

Justin: It's for Michael.

Brian: You know better than anyone the first rule of sex parties. Don't come late to a sex party or otherwise you can go along.

Michael: [opens] Hi! I'm glad you could come.

[They hugs all around.]

Brian: It's all I'll livin' for.

Justin: Happy house-warming.

Michael: If this a harness and paddle to go with the sling?

Justin: Nah, I picked this one.

Eli: You guys have a great house. But trust me, you never done.

Monty: All what it takes is time.

Eli: And money.

Ben: Yeah, tell me about it. OK, say something for postery.

[Ben record this with his new camera and Debbie goes accross.]

Debbie: I'm f*ck' starving. [she sees the camera] Oh, sh*t.

Ben: It's ok, Deb, I wanna something for pasterity.

Debbie: Um, pasterity. Let's see. I'm very proud of you both and I wish you all the health and happyness in the world in your beautiful home. That's it.

Ben: Perfect.

Debbie: [to Carl] It's amazing how A's the neighborhood. Here are more house than everywhere else.

Carl: I know, I used to hang out here all the time.

Debbie: Really?

Carl: When I was a big cop.

[Michael answers the door again and it’s Mel and J.R. J.R.’s in her carrier.]

Michael: Hi, come on in.

Mel: Thanks for inviting me. You know...

Michael: But we're still a family, are we?

Mel: Happy new house.

Michael: Thanks, you mind if I show her off?

Mel: Be my guest.

Michael: Everyone meet me beautiful daughter.

[Michael shows her around. Hunter mopes on the staircase.]

Ted: First I give him a f*cking of his life and then I give him the mind f*cking of his life. I'm gonna say, "Once I was your pity f*ck, but tonight your mine, your as*h*le".

Emmett: Speaking of with...

Brian: Aren't you go the U and A's for the baby? Got your underpants in the newsy the other night. Your saving your d*ck for sweets?

Emmett: My producer say it was a terrific segment. Yeah, he said it was about time to show g*y people as full sexualist human beings, not just sterotypes unic. If you escuse me.

[Brian yawns. Lindsay hesitantly approaches Mel.]

Lindsay: Those food is the hit.

Mel: Say so.

Lindsay: I'm glad you came.

Mel: For one the reason I'm starving.

Lindsay: Makes me think of our house-warming.

Mel: Hmm, if anyone needs to prove that toilets are control by cosmic causes.

Lindsay: They also brake 10 minutes before the guest showed up.

Mel: A hundred d*ke peeing in the backyard.

Lindsay: “Bushes in the bushes”.

[They laugh at the memory. Michael has champagne and he and Ben toast to their guests.]

Ben: We just like to welcome all of you to our new home.

Debbie: Your beautiful new home.

Michael: And we look forward to sharing many happy family occasions here together.

[All cheers]

Brian: Happy family occasions.

Ben: We also have another reason to celebrate tonight. Rage and J.T. are getting married.

Eli: It's about time for superheroes settled down.

Monty: When do they start raising a superhero family?

Michael: That's next.

Ben: I got a copy for everone, our little house-warming gift for you.

[Brian gets his copy of the comic and Michael comes over.]

Michael: You like it?

Brian: It reminds me of a portrait I saw in the doctor’s office as a child. Little girl and boy dressed as a bride and groom with a little puppy at their gown. Just as the nurse stick me in the finger for blood.

Michael: And you had your aversion to marriage ever since. Why haven't I think it's a good damn story? Just it doesn't agree with your anti-family values is no reason to dump on it.

Brian: OK.

[He tosses the comic down and leaves. Justin watches him go, saying nothing.]

Debbie: Let's get the whole family.

Michael: Good idea, I'll get JR, you get Hunter.

[Ben to look for Hunter, who’s still moping.]

Ben: Hey pal, we're taking a video with the whole family.

Hunter: What do you want me for?

[He goes back up to his room.]

[In Brian’s backroom, he’s on a forklift type thing getting a blowjob from a trick. He’s bored with that guy and spots another one. He approaches the new guy who is interested but then Brandon shows up. Trick goes with him instead.]

Trick: A better offer has came along.

[Brandon smirks at Brian and stands with his arms open as the trick blows him.]

[At the comic book store, there is a big display of the Rage and J.T. marriage. Michael checks out a customer who leaves. Justin is restocking the displays with the newest issues of “Rage”.]

Michael: Another satisfied customer.

Justin: You know you've said that every time you've sold one.

Michael: I do? Well, it must be true. We've sold over 530 on the website, and almost 200 here in the store.

Justin: Those are the last we've have.

Michael: Everybody loves that J.T. finally got his man.

Justin: Yeah, everyone but you know who.

Michael: Yeah, I do know who. Well, what would you expect?

Justin: What did I expect? That life would imitate art. I've heart that it's known to happen. How can I suckered into my own fantasy, talking about pathetic. Nobody on earth knows better than I do unless it's gentic alternative nuclear misshapen that this could never happen.

Michael: Not a bad story.

Justin: But that's all it is - just a story.

[A kid comes in looking for the next issue of “Rage”.]

Boy: Do you have a new issue of Rage? [Justin points over] This is totally awesome.

Justin: [whispers] Another satisfied customer.

[Ben coming out on the porch where Hunter is moping.]

Ben: Well, I think the house is been suspicially warm, wouldn't you say? [no answer] Good party, huh? I assume you have a good time.

Hunter: Yeah, I think Melanie and Lindsay declaring a seas fire, Brian leaving to go to a sex party... and you and Michael are sticking a f*cking camera in my face and playing those happy family having a good time.

Ben: We're not pretending - we are. You gonna get through this. I'll promise.

Hunter: f*ck your false hope. World's stinking sh*t.

Ben: I don't think Plato hasn't saying any better.

Hunter: Who?

Ben: Listen, I found a great school. They have a waiting list a mile long. One of the professors are on my department floor so I was able to pull some strings...

Hunter: Who even bother? Huh!? So they're find out too and then? It start all over again. What’s the point of goin' to a f*ck' school!?

[At the diner, Hovarth meets Debbie.]

Carl: Hi honey, I haven't been here since you've left. Somehow it's not the same.

Debbie: Neither am I. Carl - honey, I'm found out what's wrong with me.

Carl: I just want you to know and whatever it is... I'm in this for a long hole. I'll stand by ya and not goin' anywhere.

Debbie: I know that, sweetheart. That's why I love you.

Carl: OK, tell me. No, wait, wait. [He takes her hand.] OK, tell me.

Debbie: First of all, it's not a physicall thing.

Carl: Whew, that's an relief. Then what?

Debbie: It's hard to explain. Ever since I left here I felt lost. And no place to go home, I've got nothing to do, I sit at home and buy a lot of sh*t I don't want of TV.

Carl: That's what a lady suppose to do. I mean, relax, enjoy yourself. Be glad you don't have to work.

Debbie: It's funny but I never though if it's work.

Carl: It was long, hard hours on your feed, juggling plates.

Debbie: To me it was more like a dance. Then I was the primaballerina.

Carl: This is not exactly the royal ballet of Pittsburgh.

Debbie: But it's my job. It's more than a job, it's who I am and I want it back.

Carl: I... I was just... trying to make it easier for you, honey. I want you make you happy. Like I said, I'll stand by you - I'm not goin' anywhere.

Debbie: Thank you, Carl.

[she kisses him.]

Debbie: Now, you sure your ok with this?

Carl: 100% sure.

Debbie: Good, because my shift started back in five minute ago.

[she pulls off his coat and reveal her work uniform. Carl laughs.]

[Ted has Troy tied to the bed and is f*cking him. Troy's having fun. Afterwards.]

Troy: Whew! This was hot.

Ted: Think so?

Troy: You know? I've been here before.

Ted: Oh?

Troy: I mean in this building and f*ck some poor looser.

Ted: Yeah, well. The place if full of them. Believe me I'm know.

Troy: [laughs] One of my pity f*ck.

Ted: Speaking of pity f*ck...

Troy: You know, when we first hooked up in the gym I wasn't sure.

Ted: That I was your type?

Troy: That you be so... hot. Man, if I knew this before. Look, I'm still hard. You're up for another

round?

Ted: Actually there is something I wanna say to you.

Troy: That you want roll me over and f*ck me again?

Ted: What I wanna... What I wanna say to you... is uh... roll over.

Troy: Oh yeah!

[Michael and Ben cooking.]

Ben: Michael, we can't force him to go to school.

Michael: Of course we can. We're his parents. He's only 17.

Ben: Hey, you could skip school when you were 16. Besides, if we pressure him, we're only push him away.

Michael: He's got to finish Highschool, so he can go to college and become a doctor, and a lawyer, and the president of the Unite States.

[Ben kisses Michael.]

Michael: What was that for?

Ben: You're a total obtimist, that's why I love you. Just give him some time, and some space and hopefully he comes to the right decission.

[Cue Hunter who comes down the stairs with his things packed.]

Michael: Hey, I was just about to call you for dinner.

Ben: You go out somewhere?

Hunter: Yeah.

Ben: Well, but don't be too late.

Hunter: I mean, I'm leaving. For good.

Michael: What do you mean?

Hunter: I can't stay here anymore, ok?

Michael: No, it's not ok. Put your things away and sit dow and eat and afterwards we'll discussed this.

Hunter: We'll already discussed. It's nothing left to say.

Michael: Well, I said you're not goin' anywhere and that's final.

Ben: Mike.

Michael: WHAT!? He can't just leave. We'll his parents, for Christ sakes, wheather he likes it or not! We're his legal guardiance and we say go.

Ben: Hunter, Hunter, problems doesn't solve if you run away.

Hunter: I don't belong here, I don't belong in this house, I don't belong in this school, and I don't belong with you.

Ben: Of course you belong with us.

Hunter: All I cause is problems, embarassing you.

Ben: You don't embarass us. We're proud of you.

Michael: This is not the debate team. We don't need to argue here. You want appel souce or peaches?

[Hunter goes wordless to the door.]

Michael: Hunter, you go to your f*cking room!

Ben: Where you wanna go?

Hunter: I dunno.

Ben: Do you have any money?

Hunter: The money you and Michael gave me for my birthday.

Michael: No plan, no money - perfect. How you attend to support yourself?

Hunter: I'll think of something.

Michael: I bet you will.

[Hunter goes towards the door but Ben stops him.]

Ben: If you need more - call us.

Michael: What the f*ck are you doin'?

[Hunter returns his house key to Ben. Michael stops him as he’s walking out the door.]

Michael: Hunter, wait. Just put it in your shoe, some place safe.

[Hunter leaves and they’re both upset.]

[At the loft, Justin is on the computer and Brian above in the bedroom.]

Brian: Hot or not?

Justin: Hot [without any look]

Brian: That's what I sound a resounding approval.

[He tugs that shirt off, throwing it aside and goes to his closet for another.]

Justin: By the way we've sold out the last copy of the marriage issue and we've got orders for over

300 more.

[Brian tries on another shirt that looks almost exactly like his last one.]

Brian: If not having any ba*ls is what it takes to be a g*y superhero these days then Rage should get out of Gayopolis.

Justin: You know, if you didn't stay out alll night long f*cking maybe you wouldn't be so cranky.

Brian: Who said I was f*cking?

Justin: You? I'm sure there must have been someone.

Brian:Yeah, but someone else got him.

Justin: Finally, some competition.

Brian: I don't think you get it.

Justin: That someone rejected you? Got the prime piece of meat? It happens to everyone.

Brian: One little suggestion but the leading is clear, it has started. It's began.

[Brian tries on another shirt]

Brian: How about this one? [no answer]

Justin: You know, when I was in LA f*cking around, it was fun and all, but when I came back and you said the offer still stand and I put my stuff here I was hoping it meant we were finally going to be a real couple, like Michael and Ben. One day we might have things they have. A house, maybe even a family.

[Brian hears him but makes no reply.]

Brian: How is this?

[Justin doesn't answer so Brian turns back to the mirror, answering himself.]

Brian: Hot!

[Music: Going Nowhere - Cut Copy]

END OF EPISODE

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